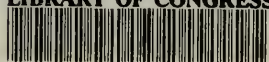


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Washington

AN

ORATION

CÓMMEMORATIVE OF THE CHARACTER

OF

MRS. MARY WASHINGTON,

BY HENRY H. TATOR, ESQ.

AN

ORATION

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE CHARACTER

OF

MRS. MARY WASHINGTON,

BY HENRY H. TATOR, ESQ.

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DEDICATORY EPISTLE.

Charming indeed, is the task, of contemplating a consistently moral, and wise Mother's character; it is like viewing at a distance, a goddess of love, through glasses framed with gold. To behold the full-lighted-moon, sinking gently into the broad stretched arms of a blue horizon, is beautiful; but to gaze upon a venerable matron, mantled with mind and virtue, leaving behind her a family of Biblical lights, and prayerfully resigning herself to a terrorless tomb, is the most beautiful sight on earth. If Seraphs look hither and smile upon the dutiful deeds of magnificent man; surely the Everlasting himself, looks fondly down, upon the more than angelic acts of worthy woman, and smiles again the smile, which ages of ages ago illumed creation illimitably. This rocky Globe, may be dissolved into a gaseous mist; yet woman's nature shall never wear away. Yon orb's bright streams, may be shut off this instant; yet woman's brighter name, shall blaze on forever. This ray of gratitude, to the Mother of Washington, I dedicate,

To my Adorable Mother,

MRS. MARY TATOR.

ORATION.

FRIENDS OF FREEDOM :

Observing the gross origin, rash growth, and Lucifer-like fall, of evil Empires, is eventful; observing the cooling cloud, enshrouding the pure and silent Heavens like a pall, emitting fierce flames of electricity, and then dashing upon the earth, like the driven waves upon a shore, is also eventful ; observing an avengful army, bearing with it, death's bloody deluge, slaughtering millions of men, both by earth and ocean, is extremely eventful ; but all these events, and all like events, are immemorable, when contrasted with those of a majestic minded mother, deluging crime, with countless duties ; rearing an Empire of virtue, upon the ignoble ruins of vicious Empires ; showering the world, with the solace of wisdom, and delighting it, with the fiery-fluids of excellence ; the watchful sentinel, of a worthy sex ; the living festival, of loving friends ; her parent's, terrestrial prize ; her husband's, celestial honor ; her daughters, wreath of wreaths of delight ; her sons, goodly guiding star ; and the world's mightiest monument of worth ; with its base, globe broad ; its towering summit, gilded by God's shining throne ; its structure graceful and beautiful as a sacred mother's form ; its materials, pure as her maternal philosophy ; and substantial as the exhaustless energies of her

soul; this is a benefactress; and this was Mrs. Mary Washington. Mrs. Washington lived an obscure Christain, discharging the duties of her matronship, until her beloved son George, became the nation's leading son; when heros spiritually bowed before her in homage; sages, regarded her as their saint; and saints, as their sovereign. Obscurity like renown, has its blessings; it comforts itself, with the pious plenty of content; wrapt itself, in the beauteous drapery of daily worthiness; constructs its simple robe, of sacred conduct; sings God's glory, by its own bright fireside; rises up, to do all the little duties of life, within its eye's range; lies down, with all its duties done, to bless its life; yet a noble renown, is far more blissful than obscurity. Mrs. Washington's practical sense, was the seat of her mental power, senseless trifling was aphelion to her nature; her sound judgment judged safely upon all subjects, to the extent of her knowledge; and her knowledge upon all practical subjects, pertaining to the duties of a true Mother, was extensive. Good judgment in both sexes, is attainable, and when attained adds to their joy; discipline judgment by collecting facts, and therefrom forming correct decisions; permit no fact in your memory, or habit in your life, to escape the analyzing crucible of your judgment's power; woman's judgment, like her goodness, should cope with man's and her decisions concerning his habits, like her devotedness to his heart, should receive his assent and obedience. Mrs. Washington's matronly dignity of manner, was almost divine; and she commanded universal respect, by universally respecting her commands. Dignity of mind and bearing, is the axis of divinity; shows us, that our mortal destiny, is independence of

mind; defends its right position, or perishes like a humane hero, in its rightful defence ; commands the army of its own thoughts, and its thoughts are like an aroused army, to effect a world's reforming conquest; awes mankind to gospelinian duty, like an archangel standing upon a saint's monument; a graceful dignity, is woman's peculiar gift. Surely the dignity of a realm's empress, engaged in her pictured drawing room, or promenading her mirrored parlors, is imposing ; but far more imposing is it, to behold a happy mother, Empress only of a happy family, engaged in supplying their precious wants, with providential economy ; and educating their spirits, until they become immortal mirrors, which shall reflect in full a mother's blessed image. The present age, carries with it a womanly force beyond, and Heaven-high above, that of any previous age ; it is unquestionably woman's age, (at least its dawn,) or an age, in which women, rise in mental and moral rebellion, like a band of saints, against a band of Satans; bursting the tyrannical rules, with which man, in times past, has tactly enchained her. Each sex, should know its own duties, better than the other ; and each sex, by framing its own schemes of self-enobling, suited to the nature of each, will most rapidly advance, the natural interests of both. The sexes should continually counsel with each other, while laboring for the perfecting of all ; and should be to each other like true scales, which can not deal out the distilled poisons of injustice to others, because of dealing out bounteous and continual justice, to themselves. Each sex, must fully appreciate, and duly respect the other, before they can be truly benefited, by their joint enterprises. As the interests of

no two individuals should clash with each other; so there should be no clashing between the interests of the sexes. Dark would be this terrestrial being, were yonder chandlerian firmament extinguished; darker still would it seem, were every beaming eye, struck with Miltonian blindness; darkest and dreariest would be this finite abode, were woman, who is more to man, than all the shining lights of space, more than millions of Globes, of golden mines; more than kingdoms of thrones, or than the thrones of kingdoms; nay more than thrones of crowns, or than the crowns of thrones. Yet among women, as among men, there may be seen choice and distinguished spirits; spirits that exalt themselves, humanize humanity, renown the race, and superiorize their sex. A noble woman, mirrors every virtue in the vault of her maker; builds the ladder, that leads worlds to bliss; invests ordinary duties, with an extraordinary clear and delightful individuality; strews life's Royal Lane, with the beautiful boquets of sanctity; wrestles with God, until he governs her ways; and baptizes her works in the Jordan-like waters of benevolence.

As the mansion's blind, its window shields from gales,
 So woman's love, protects her chosen male,
 Her ardent care to supply his every need
 Like earth to the world, that power is all she heeds,
 Her soul once singly, now is doubly strong,
 She fears no foe, except the foe of wrong.
 Her Husband's Queen, she feels her kingdom great,
 Thus seated true, her faith defies dark fate .
 Her little subjects, e'en fill full her eyes,
 Their angel names, she wafts high in the skies.
 Their sweet kin natures, give her nature bloom,
 Her soul surrounds them, till they grace the tomb.
 Her friends she loves forever—forever deems
 Her work undone, till finished well it seems,
 The work of love,—of love that truth unfurls,
 And waving gently, wins unto it worlds.

Such a woman was Mrs. Washington. Mrs. Washington lived an advanced and abstemious life; and she lived thus long too, mainly because she lived upon the bounties of temperance. Temperance, sews up the torn apparel of sickness and pain; is the life of every easy liver; earth's lawful extasy; worthy economist, to supply life's everincreasing wants; secret of beauty, and beauty's queenly seat; archive of greatness, and greatest aid to goodness; the spirit's canary, of sweetest caroling; pink, of Maronian purity, violet of Theclinian virtue, lily of Washingtonian liberty; and rose of Baconian reason. Temperance is the sovereign sanctum of woman; and is man's richest mint.

Mrs. Washington's vanity, even when surrounded by swarm upon swarm of flatterers, was scrupulously subjected, to the rule of qualities more valuable; and vain glorious thoughts, were the fewest and farthest of all thoughts which absorbed her soul; proving that when our virtuous thoughts are numerous, vainglorious ones are expelled, like vagrants from our presence. Vanity poisons the mind's blood, until the tumors of malactions, bestud God's gracious Prototype; transforms the man to an ape, and from that to a self tyrant; turns Divines to duelists, and duelists to demons; digs its own whirlpool, of self-destruction; changes the philosopher to a human-peacock, and the latter to a peevish peasant; envies the judgment, as in Baal's jaws; breaks open the fire-king, containing mind's kingly fortune, and steals away its contents; vanity, like fire, destroys itself, in the act of destroying the object which invites it. Mrs. Washington aspired to the wealth of goodness, rather than of gold; and to the fame of great sense, rather than

great station; she attained both, retained both, and enjoyed both until death. A spiritual wealth, fills up the Christian coffers, of Heaven's savings bank; both sexes, all ages, sects, races, and kindreds of people, may transact the business of eternal importance thereat, by complying with its rigid and righteous rules, of government; all days, all hours of all days, and all moments of all hours, are its times of discount; every man may make his deposit therein, whose funds are secured, by fair and substantial acts; its capital stock, like its influence, surpasses mortal computation; its notes of issue, outnumber, even the countless souls who cling to it for protection, from irretrievable bankruptcy; its felicitous dividends, are given daily and forever; its redeeming powers like its basis, are reliable; its stockholders, are heavenly seraphs; its careful directors, are enraptured cherubs; its just cashier, is a confidable Jesus; its teller, is a vigilant St. Peter; its bookkeeper, is a diligent St. Paul; its notary-public, is a frank Revelator John; its chief clerk, is an amiable John the Evangelist; its numerous sub-clerks, are angels and saints of solid grace; eternity's centre, is the cite of this comely edifice; Jehovah, is its presiding officer, and perpetual judge. Mrs. Washington drew forth the love of friends, as easily as the lamp's blaze draws forth the substance it consumes; and her company, was as widely sought for, as her character was widely imitated; her individual attractiveness in society, like that of an amiable princess among her people, was immense; personally, she was unlike what most women are; yet just what all women should have been, and may yet be; she enjoyed more than most ladies, because she

was a lady in all her enjoyments; and in all things the lines of prudence, were to her precious as life; her life should be read to be followed, and followed because it leads aright; and the enjoyment conferred by its repeated perusal, is repeatedly greater than that procured by perusing a war-fort full of nauseously fictitious works. Enjoying the antidote aspect, of an Eden, blooming with ripe beauties; and filled with palatable and proper fruits, is heavenly; enjoying the scenes of a hill's summit, at evening, bathing the brow, in its balmy breezes; while the wakeful night world, sends upward its prayerful songs, choicer and holier than human chorus; while the brilliant stars break through the blue azure, like glittering glowflies from an alpine grove, is likewise heavenly; but enjoying a true heroine's counsels, to conduct us to honor, as the compass conducts its confider to the pole; her example of experience, to exalt our existence, as the fair governess promotes those, enlisted in her favor; and her long schedule of means to successfully manage our stately ship of life, is most heavenly. Mrs. Washington's character, was pure as the play-thoughts of a child; and her companions, were controlled by her valientry, as is health by a Virginian clime. There is in woman's nature, an insatiable yearning for peerless purity of life; and when unwarped, she warps worthlessness, as does steady heat, green substances; woman's angelized purpose and work, is to man, as was the loving glance of Juno, to the God-great-Jove.

Woman's purity, turns from the savage shark of selfishness, and he closes his life consuming jaws; spurns upon the coiled serpent of unkindness, and his strychninian fangs, fall from

their dark sockets; bids absence, to the deceiving Satan of her confidence, and he sinks abashed, amazed at her presumptive purity; Samsonionly levels the inquisitive temple, of the enslaving Philistines, harmlessly to herself, while she Christianly conquers her foe; approaches king alcohol's throne, and the mischievous, guilty monarch, springs headlong from his seat of hellish sovereignty. Woman was no more the first cause, of humanity's fall of falls; than she will be the last, to cause its rise of risings; and if man has lessened her worth by inappreciativeness, God will ultimately make it up to her, by promoting her above her detractor.

Yet woman has faults; but they are like a hero's scars, which, though ghastly to behold, have still behind and beneath them, buried sacredness, and a redeeming soul. Mrs. Washington, was slow to adopt inadapative customs, she preferred taste to style, or rather the style of true taste; comfortable dress, though fashion denounced her choice; convenience in art, to what was artfully common; and the smile of smiles, of an educated concience, though followed by the contempt of both sexes.— Wisdom will not undo a standing custom, because it is customary to innovate; but its innovations will be prompted by experience, and it will adopt them to render its experience more pleasant.

Reform plants the olive twig, of theolian peace into the soul,
And sprinkles o'er it waters, fresh from seraphian pools;
Attends its eternal growth, adding buds and blossoming hues,
Till heaven on heaven bloom forth, as its issues,
Unfurl the canopian flag of just reform,
Upturn the spirits eye, its potent thoughts adorn,
Scorn the past, if present progress it retards.
Discard the present, wherein it thwarts duties discharge,

Commune with future times, glean from them what's to be,
 Spiritualize reflection, and reveal eternity.
 Wrapt in the asbestos robe of truth, and spiritual strife,
 Flames from a thousand stakes, burn not our guarded life,
 But falsehood, disrobes the spirit, drags it to the stake,
 And fires the knotty pile, with darkest death the fate.
 When true reform is come, then comes great joy,
 When joy is great; then truth the world employs.
 Reform for the valient vessel, a world for the warless crew;
 Eternity the ocean broad, God's throne the port in view,
 A vessel strong as virtue, a crew of standard worth,
 An ocean waving in amiableness, our port the port of truth.

Mrs Washington's pleasant ways, were the way to peace, her smile of love, was the light of her soul; and her treatment of every society, was altogether tender and sympathetic. Amiable manners, are the manners of angels; and consoling thoughts uttered in smiling tenderness, are moonlight dews, falling to refresh drooping flowers. Tender smiles are Dolphins, playing in the lake of life's delight; golden-crested-Kinglets, singing in the heart's grove; daylight imparting hues to the globe of countenance; violets, set in the vase of a terrestrial front; flashes from the meridian blaze of Jehovah's face.

Mrs. Washington's simplicity of life, like its lasting solidity, was attained by simple observation, and solid reflection; a sound thought simply uttered, edified her more, than a golden urn, imbedded with pearls, presented to her with a gorgeous display. What she thought was thought with sincerity, and her every thought was truth; what she said, was said with sensibleness, and her every saying was sacred; what she done was done in simplicity, and her every deed was a duty. Simplicity, charters of nature the right to follow her, while she leads to perfection's palace; secures the copy-right, of the usefulest volume, because it is most virtually understood; armour for honor's cadet, shielding

him, from affectation's dishonorable sabres; grey-locks, to an author's works, working for them a place, siding sagely peers; alphabet of the world, early wining it to an alliance with a natural nobility. Man shall be woman's pupil, in most things, until he reaches more nearly the summit of summits, where a wise simplicity reigns.

Mrs Washington's home—happiness, was her earthly heaven; she there superintended a family, which has since become more famous than faulty sovereigns; she there likewise gave birth to a child, which has given birth to a republic; the star of Fredericksburg, like the star of ancient Bethlehem, was born in lowliness, and in times of danger to its life, and distress to many living; yet in times, which most needed its life and dutiful labors; by her hearth side she nursed an infant, which has nursed an infantile nation; rocked to repose a child, upon which a country has reposed in the cradle of renown; clothed the growing son, whose orb of orbs of greatness, has robed America with the most comely apparel, of advanced Christendom; taught the youthful loyal thinker, who has taught Americans the loyalty of defending their liberties; moulded and developed a man, who has moulded a world of worthy men, and immensely developed their inherent dignity. Home—happiness is a mother's dower of matronship, and an inheritance too, as exhaustless as the light of Eternity. Mrs Washington's connubial, like her maternal love, was constant and sublime; nay, it was the sublimity of constancy; she was doubtless careful in bestowing her affections, yet when bestowed, her bliss was to cultivate the soil, in which she had planted the purest seed of her soul. Her con-

nubial love, was not rashly bold, and romantic as a rainbow; but was true to her feminineness, and was therefore forever true.

True love is modest, and like the petal of the rose,
Fulsomely exhibits not itself; delighting to worship the one it
chose;
Like wise men God, in eloquent silence; and forcing love
to bold display;
Displays the forcer's folly; for who can force the sun to
brighter day;
Or drive another to profounder love?

Love blooms in its ruby beauty, and angels vie with each other in procuring the picture whereby to embellish the book of celestial life; winds up the time-piece of man's heart and his bosom ticks with higher life, until his tongue strikes up notes of eloquence, disclosing his extastic joys; reigns through the realms of woman's raptured soul, like a sun amid a million stars, while the world reflects her beauteous image, in its wholesome works; Love is singly, the agent of man's existence; yet it is the combined agent and principle of the existence, of woman.

Mrs. Washington's kindness of spirit towards her kindred and race, was less the spirit of passion, powerful and sudden, than that of supreme sense, which like a philanthropist's epitaph is imperial and as impressive as imperial, and abides as the monument of monuments, throughout myriads of ages. Kindness unlocks the dungeon doors of the unfortunate, and supplies them with fresh means of natural support; uplifts the lids of its silvery vault, and sends the starving beggar, to the saving-bakery he seeks; prescribes a remedy for the ragged patient, and his naked sores of penury, stop their painful gnawings; erects the hospital of a useful education, and its inmates leave it, a living

testimony of its practical beneficence. To perform acts of kindness unto all, is woman's first nature, her second nature is to repeat them, and to increase their number.

Mrs. Washington possessed that virtue of virtues, a practical system, in every thing she performed, from the earliest, to the latest years of her life; and the creations of her systems of actions, were as systematic, and as closely in imitation of Deity's, as it was possible for them to be, in her then stage of being. Life is the first, truth is the second, and order is the third law of Heaven; our lovely heroine was the three-thirds, of these three heavenly laws. Natural order scans the dissheveled tresses, of private affairs, and looking again, it beholds them adjusted with neatness and taste; touches the unstrung Lyre of universal enterprise, and its hallowed strings are restored to sound action and sweetest harmony; smites the Palmyrian's ruins of public panic and millions of vaults, filled with millions of valuable moneys are open to all. Let order reign in all things, even though the reign of all orders of oligarchies cease, thereby.

Mrs. Washington, remarkable for possessing so numerous, and such vitally important characteristics, added yet, that of a felicitating cheerfulness; this trait in her character, was like a happy anecdote, recorded in a Treatise of profoundest philosophy, the value of which is heightened, by its relationship to things, even more valuable. May America's God, help her sex, to imitate her example of living a cheerful life. Were a daughter of mine, to request my most fatherly advice to guide her through life; one rule should say, let cheerfulness accompany your lot, whatsoever it be. Real cheerfulness is a sponge, to suck up the tears

of sorrow; anodynia agent, to arrest the ague of distress; pericranium shield, to protect and restrain the excited spirit; eyelids to keep moist and in easy motion, mind's ever working eyeball; a hymn of orebian praise, to pacify the Heaven-adorning heart; and step-mother of existence, to every soundly educated mind. Being cheerful through your whole life, consumes half of death's life; but death increases its life's-dread, if life decreases in cheerfulness, towards its close. Mrs. Washington drew largely upon the future, for her present happiness, despair like deathly distempers, was as far distant from her uprising desires, as the poles of Eternity are from each other; if she could not at first succeed in her designs, she struggled designly on, until she succeeded at least, in seeing a way worthy her striving. She hoped for the best in all things, even though in most things, she should enjoy at the best, only her hopes. The man who will not build, lest his mansion should burn; is himself burnt down to the ashes of distress by overblazing caution; so he who enjoys little of the luxury which an honest hope yields; yields indeed but little of that luxurious life, which men and himself might enjoy. Let the oppressor despair, if he please; but let it be the pleasure of the oppressed, to hope for relief and to rejoice in their hopes. Rational hope, solders the heart fast to Heaven's shore; sets the automata of general enterprise in motion, and accelerates its Gabrelian strides; prophetess of ability's youth, and secret of a youthful age; dessert of life's feast of feasts, making it a continuous feast of dessert; crystal hope, is the Cleopatrian jewel, of Jehovah's crown. Mrs. Washington exhibited the possession of the faculty of firmness, to an

extent entirely extraordinary for her sex; her cast of character teaches us, that when woman fixes her will, it is fixed; likewise that what she will, she generally should, and what she should she always will; fortitude is as natural to woman, as love; and both qualities, shine more brilliantly in the diadem of her character, than in man's. Woman should be firm, because her condition and destiny require it. The fickleness of mothers, will turn mankind to a band of miserable traitors, to their choicest interests; yet their spiritual firmness, will cement their excellent purposes together, as solid as are the earth's two hemispheres. As the loftiest Egyptian Pyramid, has bayed the whirlwinds and hurricanes of the plain; broken, self-unharmed, the electric bolts that have burst upon it; defied all elemental destruction; and is still standing, deeply based in the earth, and breaking the elysian blue; so a firm and noble mind, bays the whirlwinds of wickedness, set in motion by wicked brains; breaks harmlessly to itself, the blood colored bolts of envy, wherewith rash and ambitious rivals, would gladly strike it to oblivion, and bless the stroke; rules the savage elements, of rashest conspiracy against it; and stands in the end, like God, ere he gave Globes light: Eternity's unrivalled King. Mrs. Washington was gifted with an energy of thought and action, blithsomly befitting the great American matron; her motives were exalted, exalting too the ideas of all within the happifying halls of her influence; her servants obeyed her bidding energetically because her energy served to transfuse through them the spirit of their chieftess; she never feared the electric storms of natural fatigues and death; but she wisely secluded herself

from the booming blasts of unnatural sorrows, and an early death; she prayed for length of life not because she feared death; but the fear was, that death would seize her, before she had accomplished life's delightful works. An enlightened energy scales the towering Alps of thought, and the destructive foes of inaction and ignorance, are slaughtered upon their own war-fields; burns the wild prairie of wicked customs, and a world reads, a governmental catalogue of rational rules, by the light of its bloody blaze; raises the axe of righteous reason, and forests of man's foolish freaks, fall beneath its errless stroke; marches against intruding monarchists, and anon they surrender in dishonor, to the honored souls they sought to subdue, like yoked stags; and to enslave like sold serfs, when subdued. Arouse the world like a Gabriel's shaking blast, heralding judgment's day, by your thoughtful actions; lead it higher in the Heavens of life, than it was ever led before.

Our Mothers, what are they? are they not the exact Engravers of men; the peerless Painters of races; and the sublime Sculptors of worlds. The Engraver, carves out his wooden symbols to please his patrons, and acquire living fame; Mothers, carve forth their spiritual symbols, to please Providence and obey their nature. The Painter flourishes his imitative pencils, and his canvas exhibits a lifeless perishable form; Mothers flourish their spirit's original pencil, and the living picture of God, appears in sovereign majesty before us. The Sculptor strikes his steel-toothed-chisel, cutting truly with his sharp curled-awls, and the rocky features of the original, strike out before him; but Mothers, are Sculptors of sacred-breathing-statues, which set Angelonian art, seemingly upon a par, with

the unskilful novice. The glory of matronship, which Heaven has bestowed upon woman, is only equalled by Heaven's own glory.

Mrs. Washington's age was passed in recalling with unmeasured pleasure, the uncommon events of her past eventful existence; with a goblet, filled with the steel-bright and life blessing waters of death before her; and a cluster, of long ripening Christian-deeds behind her; she beheld each, and Heaven above both, with the blandest expression of love; she partook freely of the latter nourishing yet unforbidden fruit; likewise partaking freely of that former, harmless-fluid, which quenches all mortal thirst; she looked upward, with the spiritual eye of eyes, and beheld a better life. A venerable old age, stands bravely upon the commanding Himaleah of experience, with a meek and admiring world at its base; issues the flying proclamation of its preceptive researches, and meditative millions burn with joy at the joyous news; presses the sounding keys, to the instrument of its rapturing designs, and the only desire of a raptured race, is to harmonize with the leader, whose Christian strains they reciprocate, with an unrestrained homage. Earth has nothing more honorable, than an honorable old age; and he who attains it, shall be attended with signal honors. Washington's Mother, like the mother of Jesus, was her sex's model; her name, like her sagely simplicity is admirable; her nature, like the nobility of her sex, shall henceforth become more reverable; her birth, was like an angel incarnate, inspiring woman with her weighty worth; her death, disembodied our world's immortal benefactress; yet this world, like the next, rejoices in her existence.



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